

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

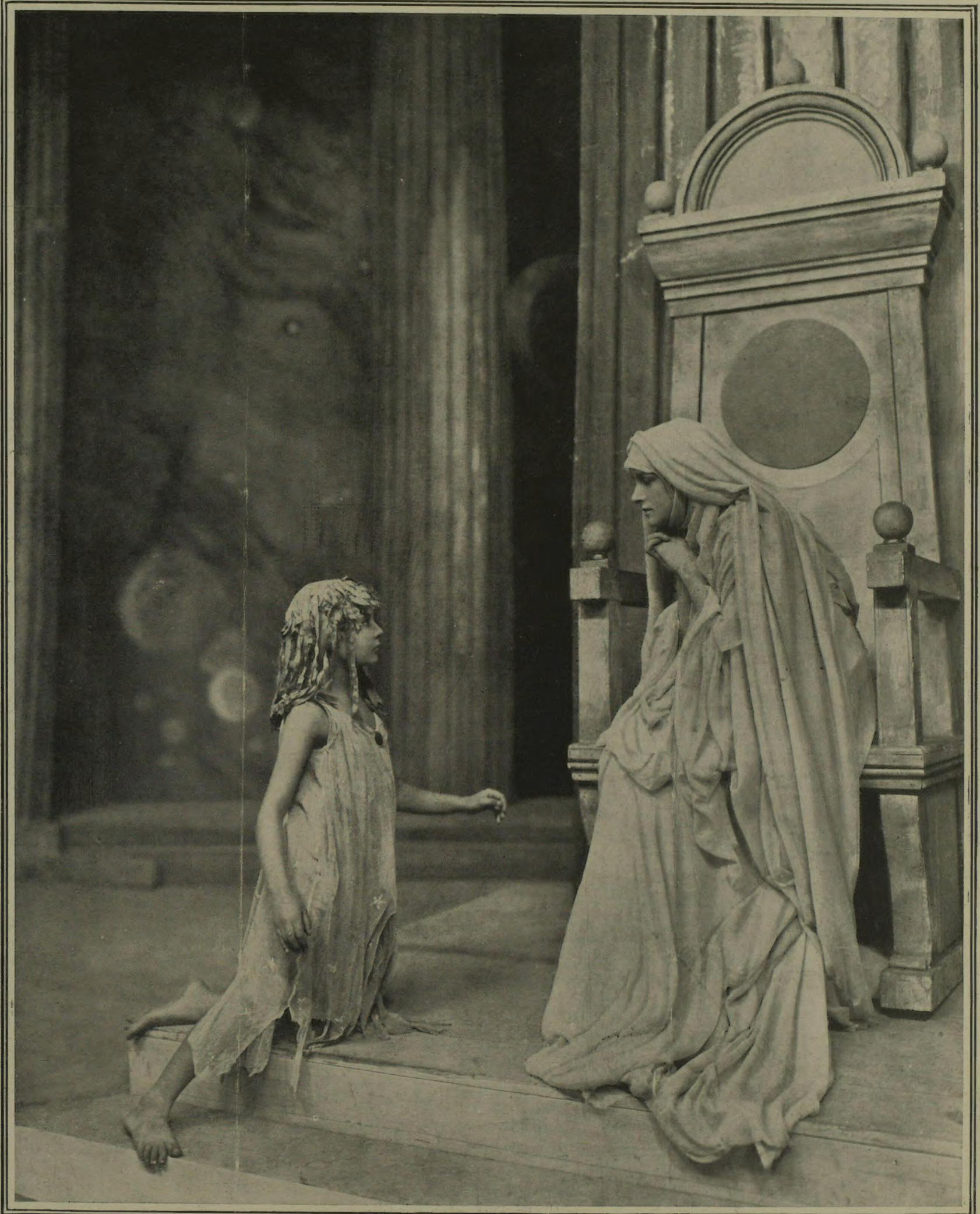
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.

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THE UNBORN CHILD DISCOVERS HIS MOTHER, JOY (MISS GLADYS COOPER): THE GREAT MOMENT OF "THE BETROTHAL," AT THE GAIETY.

The most touching scene in Maeterlinck's new play, "The Betrothal," at the Gaiety Theatre, is that in The Abode of the Children, where Tytyl, in search of a bride, is greeted by his six unborn children. The Smallest of Them All discovers his mother in the silent White Phantom who has followed Tytyl throughout his quest. She proves to be Joy. Our photograph shows the moment when

The Smallest of Them All says: "Don't cover your face; they wouldn't see it and they wouldn't believe me. . . . (Drawing aside the veils) Oh, mummy, how lovely you are!" It is the great moment of the play, when Miss Gladys Cooper, after her long muffled silence in the previous scenes, breaks into speech and is revealed a vision of beauty. —[PHOTOGRAPH BY STAGE PHOTO CO.]

NOTE.—Owing to Mr. G. K. Chesterton's visit to the United States, the publication of "Our Note-Book" will be suspended for a time.



# REVELLING IN THE LONG-LOOKED-FOR SNOWFALL: WINTER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL



IN IDEAL TRIM FOR WINTER SPORT: ST. MORITZ UNDER SNOW—  
A GENERAL VIEW.



A CHARMING SKI-RUNNER AT A POPULAR CENTRE FOR

# SPORTS IN FULL SWING AT ST. MORITZ AND MÜRREN.

SPORT AND GENERAL, AND L.N.A.



WINTER SPORT: MRS. STEWARD LEALOR AT ST. MORITZ.



ROUNDING THE BETON CURVE: THE BOBSLEIGH RUN AT MÜRREN,  
A FAVOURITE RESORT FOR BRITISH VISITORS.



SUNNY CORNER ON THE CRESTA RUN AT ST. MORITZ: A GROUP OF WINTER SPORT ENTHUSIASTS WATCHING A BOBSLEIGH  
ROUNDING THE CURVE.



"BOBBING" ON A FAMOUS RUN AT ST. MORITZ: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN UNDER THE ARCH OF THE RAILWAY BRIDGE  
UNDER WHICH THE TRACK PASSES.

Snow was late in falling in some parts of Switzerland this season, but it came at last, to the great delight of the winter sport devotees, among whom are many British visitors. St. Moritz and Mürren are two of the most popular centres. A message from St. Moritz about a fortnight ago said: "Winter sports are in full swing here. The bob-run is open from Sunny Corner, and the entire run will be open next week. The Cresta Run is open from Stream Corner, and also the Village Run and West-end Run. This is one of the few Swiss resorts where the snow is good for ski-ing. Snow is falling now." From Mürren about the same time came the welcome news that "a heavy fall

of snow followed by a sharp frost has relieved the minds of ski-runners and tobogganing enthusiasts, who, though they have been able to indulge their respective hobbies every day this month, were beginning to feel anxious owing to the abnormal lateness, all over Switzerland, of the January snowfalls this year. The situation is now excellent, and everyone, including the skaters, is content." The fine conditions held, and on January 22 again a Mürren report said: "A heavy snowfall has just ceased here. There is a rising barometer, a keen frost, and a cloudless sky."



# PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS: MEN, WOMEN, AND WAR MEMORIALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL (SOUTHSEA), BERLINER BILD-BERICHT, SPORT AND GENERAL, "DAILY MAIL," ELLIOTT AND FRY, G.P.U., "TOPICAL," AND C.N.



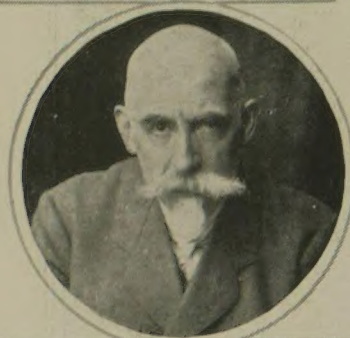
A ROYAL "MIDDY," SERVING IN THE "IRON DUKE": PRINCE GEORGE.



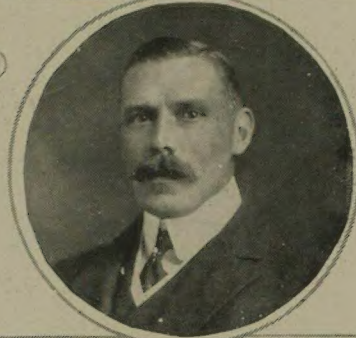
CONTAINING THE "ASHES" OF ENGLISH CRICKET: AN URN IN THE POSSESSION OF LORD DARNLEY.



POET AS REGISTRAR-GENERAL: MR. S. P. VIVIAN.



INVENTOR OF A NEW PRINCIPLE FOR GIANT SUBMARINES: PROF. O. FLAMM.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF NIGERIA: LT.-COL. H. C. MOORHOUSE, R.A., D.S.O.



GREEK ROYALTIES: (L. TO R.) PRINCESS CHRISTOPHER (MRS. LEEDS), PRINCE CHRISTOPHER, PRINCESS ANDREW, PRINCE ANDREW.



THE PROSPECTIVE COLONIAL SECRETARY AS ARTIST: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL PAINTING ON THE RIVIERA.



THE CITY'S ROLL OF HONOUR: A MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY THE LORD MAYOR AT GUILDHALL.



TO FRENCH STUDENTS FALLEN IN THE WAR: A MONUMENT UNVEILED AT THE SORBONNE.



MAKING A MODEL OF ETON PLAYING FIELDS WAR MEMORIAL: MR. BERTRAM MACKENNAL.

Prince George, who recently became a Midshipman, left Portsmouth on January 24 in the "Vindictive," seaplane-carrier, to join his ship, "The Iron Duke," now flag-ship in the Mediterranean.—Dr. Oswald Flamm, Professor of Marine Architecture at the Technical College, Charlottenburg, Berlin, has patented a new principle of stability which, he claims, will make possible huge and fast submarines. He is designing one of 8400 tons, to carry four 13-in. guns.—The urn containing the historic "ashes" was presented by Australian ladies to the English cricket team which won the "rubber" in Australia in 1882, after having lost the first Test Match.—Mr. S. P. Vivian, the new Registrar-General, now busy "numbering the people" for the Census, was once interested in poetic "numbers."—Lieut.-Col. H. C. Moorhouse, the new Lieutenant-Governor

of Nigeria, has been Secretary of the Southern Province since 1914. He served there during the war.—Prince Christopher of Greece recently married a wealthy American widow, Mrs. W. B. Leeds, now popularly known as "the Dollar Princess."—Mr. Winston Churchill's appointment as Colonial Secretary was lately foreshadowed. He makes a hobby of landscape painting.—The tablet in the Guildhall porch, unveiled by the Lord Mayor on January 20, commemorates City Councillors, their sons, and members of the staff, who fell in the war.—The Sorbonne monument, "L'Offrande," is dedicated "Aux Etudiants Français morts pour La Patrie."—Mr. Bertram Mackennal, the well-known sculptor, is at work on a war memorial to stand at the entrance of the Eton playing fields. He is an Australian who "remigrated" to England. He designed our present coinage.



## COMING UNDER THE HAMMER: A CELEBRATED DUTCH MASTERPIECE.



"WORLD-FAMED is rather a strong expression," writes a correspondent, "but it is in all fairness due and has often been applied to Jan Vermeer's 'A Street in Delft,' to be sold by public auction on April 12, at the Muller Galleries, in the Doelenstraat, Amsterdam. It comes out of the Six collection in the Heerengracht, Amsterdam, and came into the Six family through marriage with a member of the van Winter family, into whose possession it had passed at the Oosten de Bruyn sale, Amsterdam, April 8, 1800. This, however, was not its first appearance in the auction-room, it having been sold at the great Vermeer

sale in Amsterdam, May 19, 1696, being then catalogued as No. 32. It has a rare beauty, unsurpassed in its way, a 'triumph of simplicity in painting,' and besides the Hague picture is the only street scene known to have been painted by Vermeer. Artists have endeavoured to copy it over and over again, but always fail to grasp or, in any case, to render the exquisite beauty, the soul of the original. Dozens of celebrated writers on art have extolled its unique charm, and its forthcoming sale is awaited in art-collecting circles with an almost unprecedented interest."

BY A RARE DUTCH MASTER OF WHOSE WORKS ONLY THIRTY-THREE ARE KNOWN: "THE LITTLE STREET,"  
BY JAN VERMEER, A FAMOUS PICTURE TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

Great interest, not to say excitement, has been aroused among art-collectors by the news that Vermeer's famous picture "The Little Street" is to come under the hammer. It is to be sold by auction on April 12, in Amsterdam, by Messrs. Frederik Muller and Co. Only thirty-three Vermeers are known to exist, most of them being in national collections, and for the last twenty years there has been a growing vogue for his work. In 1870 the Louvre bought his "Lace-maker" for less than £300. To-day it would probably fetch fifty times that

amount, if not more. "The Little Street," which measures 21 in. by 17 in., has long been in the Six Collection, one of the very few private galleries retaining pictures painted for the family by the great Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. Professor Six, who recently inherited it, has been compelled by heavy death duties to sell some in order to save the rest. He is forming a trust to preserve the family portraits in Holland. Vermeer was born at Delft in 1632, and died there in 1675. His "View of Delft" is in the Hague Gallery.



# "TO RESCUE IRELAND": THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND R.I.C. CADETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND T. PICAL.



SIR HAMAR AND LADY GREENWOOD WITH THE R.I.C. AUXILIARY DIVISION IN DUBLIN: EXAMINING AN ARMOUR-PLATED CAR.



INSPECTING A NEW TYPE OF STEEL-PROTECTED LORRY: SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD AT BEGGAR'S BUSH BARRACKS, DUBLIN.



WITH "HENCOOP" PROTECTION AGAINST BOMBS: A NEW TYPE OF R.I.C. ARMOURED CAR.



WITH A WINCHESTER BUCKSHOT GUN, THE LATEST WEAPON USED: AN R.I.C. MAN.



THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S WIFE: LADY GREENWOOD TALKING TO R.I.C. MEN AT THE INSPECTION.



CAPTURED BY THE MILITARY IN CORK: PRISONERS INSIDE THE RAILINGS OF THE COURT HOUSE, CORK, BEING QUESTIONED BY AN OFFICER.



THE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND INSPECTING R.I.C. AUXILIARIES IN DUBLIN: SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD PASSING DOWN THE LINES.

Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, inspected the Auxiliary Division of the Royal Irish Constabulary at Beggar's Bush Barracks, their headquarters in Dublin, on January 22. Addressing the men, he said: "However great the provocation, never forget that you are officers of His Majesty's Army, again serving the old flag in this distracted country. You are policemen, whose first duty is to prevent crime and maintain order, and I hope before the last

auxiliary man leaves Ireland the people of Ireland will realise, and from your conduct and courage and chivalry will appreciate, that fact. You are here to rescue Ireland from the assassin, to save her from the small misguided minority of her people. You are here to maintain the United Kingdom intact, and to break up that conspiracy which has for its object the smashing of the British Empire." Lady Greenwood was with her husband at the inspection.



## CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES VI.—A FLYING CAR; A FIRE-ESCAPE BAG; A CLOTHES-BRUSHING MACHINE; A SAFETY SEAT; A MOTOR-SLEIGH; A SNOW-PLOUGH FOR RAILWAY ENGINES.

A time may come, as the top drawing shows, when we may see motor-cars turn into flying machines and rise into the air! Equally thrilling in an emergency would be a kit-bag that turns into a fire-escape. The electrically driven clothes-brushing machine is recommended as useful for barbers' shops, railway stations, and hotels, as well as an ornament in the home. Of the safety device for occupants of vehicles the inventor says: "The object is to prevent such occupants—of a motor vehicle, for example—from being thrown upwards and

forwards in the case of a sudden shock and thus injured by falling head downwards. It does not interfere with free movements. . . . The driver or other occupant is elastically held at the shoulders . . . and after the absorption of the momentum of the body is pulled back again in a springy manner to his seat." The motor-sleigh "is caused to travel by a screw-propeller supported from the rear end of the vehicle body between and parallel with the rear runners actuated through a telescopic shaft."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]





# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

THE Play-Actors, that excellent combination of actors and actresses which, thanks to the energies of Mr. Henry Oscar and Mr. George Lingner, has resumed its promising activities with unabated ardour, did not only begin its season well by the production of the late Harold Chapin's last and ablest work, "The New Morality," but it has added to its reputation and rendered a service to the progressive drama of the country by giving a hearing to Mr. Hamilton Fyfe. In one word, his morality, "The Kingdom, the Power and the Glory," is an achievement of mental nobility. It is original to the degree of boldness; it is timely; it impels introspection; it proclaims without fear or favour the futility of the three fetishes that blind the vision of men; it hallows love as the one and only quality of redemption and reconstruction. In the vein of satire the author divests kings of purple and bares them into mere puppets; in the vein of demonstration that power is but a satellite of circumstances—he proves that war may be caused by an untoward gunshot in a frontier incident; in the vein of tragedy he humbles a great warrior into dotage and ordains the tottering human remnant to be dressed up in his glittering uniform and orders, to be honoured by picture and statue, in order that his outward glory may catch more men for the army of his country, while the poor mannikin has ceased to care for and to understand the lustre of life and meanders about his bodily needs—the caress of his mistress, who is a haridan, and a dish of rabbit pie. *Sic transit!*

This is the theme, but there is much more in this play where we meet all sorts and conditions of rulers—from the vainglorious and the inept, to the Prince who understands both love and life and becomes imbued with the democratic spirit; from the Ministers, the masters of the situation, who govern for the welfare of their country, to those who are mere climbers in the democratic cause and become greedy of titles and honours when *vox populi* has raised them to presidential power. Although Mr. Fyfe has hidden countries and identities under assumed names, there is an imaginary representation of the Concert of Europe, as it played in complete want of harmony before the fateful days of 1914. Those conversant with history and historical

figures could easily point to graphic portrayals of Sovereigns and Prime Ministers and Generals—for Mr. Fyfe knows: he has seen and spoken to many who were men of light and leading. He indulges in caricature, but he also maintains veracity: he has peeled his victims for us and shows the often indifferent kernel hidden under a resplendent skin.

Within an ace the morality would have gone home with the power of a shell. During two acts we were deeply impressed; we admired the daring of the thing as well as the kaleidoscopic manysidedness of the execution. Here indeed was the secret revealed that no one is a hero to his valet; and when, in the third act, Mr. Fisher White gave a picture of the crestfallen, benighted General, so pathetic, so true, so painfully exposing the vanity of all human glory, that we felt a lump in our throat—in the third act, the arch-enemy of dramatic effect, anti-climax, suddenly, as it were, cut the current of interest. It was a mere nothing—the iteration of proletarian talk by servants in the midst of a crisis. It was the ominous error frequently committed in a play with a purpose to emphasise a point. A few strokes of the blue pencil could have remedied it. But somehow it passed unobserved at the dress-rehearsal, and the oversight disturbed the balance. Such are the (mis)fortunes of dramatic warfare. But what of it, after all? It does not affect the character of the work, which is full of thought, rich in characterisation, lofty in aim, monumental in design; a work to be seen first, then to be read and pondered over, since its *envoi* bears on the destiny of mankind—kingdom, power, glory, and the super-ruler of them all, the divine omnipotence of love.

In a cast of many, some stood out, all worked with a will. Masterly were the portrayals of Mr. Julius Knight, as close a reincarnation of William II., as well can be imagined; of Mr. Bruce Winston, akin to Francis Joseph; of Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, akin to Count Berchtold; of Mr. James Dale, as the prince who understood his people as King Albert understands his; of Mr. D. Lewin Mannering, the most distinguished ambassadorial type conceivable, a Paul Cambon both in physique and grandeur of manners. Withal, an impressive performance of an impressive play; caviare, I fear, in the regular routine of a London theatre, but destined to further the cause of our drama in many lands across the Channel.

Ian Hay makes his sunshine where he finds it, *à la Molière*. If you would pick his "Safety Match" to pieces, you would find bits of Robertson, of Dickens, of Thackeray, eke of the Irish of the Abbey and G. B. S. You would also find a strange "change of tenses," now comedy, now wild farce, now melodrama, now fairy-tale. But why be so cruel when you have a fair entertainment by an author out to amuse you? There is no pretence in this little story of the Jugger-naut of forty-five who wedded his early autumn to flaming June and found the truth that there are no roses without thorns. That he afterwards made the conquest of his wife by heroism and self-sacrifice was all to his credit, and to Mr. Bouchier's, who was admirable.

Brisson, the critic of the *Paris Temps*, has spoken a word in season. He has admitted the insularity of the French stage, where foreign plays, except in theatres *à côté*, rarely obtain a hearing. And he has advocated the establishment of an International Theatre in order to make the Parisians better acquainted with the trend

of modern drama abroad. *Comœdia*, the daily organ of the theatre in Paris, has turned the question into a symposium, and, if a vote were taken, the odds are that such an institution as proposed by Brisson would have had a lukewarm reception. The general consensus is—it might be tried, but is it worth trying when all is well in the best of all worlds—when our own playwrights are turning out plays as swiftly as the Bolsheviks print bank-



A POPULAR RUSSIAN TENOR: M. VLADIMIR ROSING.

It was arranged that M. Rosing should give a recital at the Aeolian Hall to-day (January 29). His programme consists of Russian songs, in which he is very much at his best.—[Photograph by Lassalle.]

notes, and when a long file of the young generation is knocking vainly at stage-doors?

Of course, some of the men of the hour, who are ever in demand, in order not to appear too rapacious of royalties, extend a lame welcoming hand to the idea. They seem to say: "*Pourquoi pas?*"—it is no concern of ours, we shouldn't worry." Never seems there to be a necessity for seeking abroad what is grown at home in abundance. When one thinks of a Sacha Guitry, who at thirty-five has already written seventy-three plays; or of Verneuil, the author of "Daniel," who at twenty-seven confesses to twenty-three plays, one can but conjecture what the annual output may be in a country where every self-respecting *collégien* begins at sixteen with a tragedy in five acts and in verse!

Still, the outside observer, who contemplates the French stage in a less chauvinistic spirit than those who rule it, would not be slow to admit that a little fresh international air, a little less triangle, sex, and sordidness would raise the standard. As a London critic who recently made the run of Parisian theatres remarked: "Of course the French theatre is always amusing, but it does seem to stand still." The bill changes, but the nature of the play does not. It seems to turn in the vicious circle of adultery and eroticism; it is fragrant with perfume, and it would be all the better for a blast from the north and the north-west—from Scandinavia, Holland, Germany, where there is at least an effort to get away from the rut and the groove. Even from England the French drama might take a lesson: a few Galsworthy plays would be a tonic and a revelation to the Parisians.

But I believe that an International Theatre would have in London ten chances to succeed against one in Paris, and that is—the main chance. In other words, if the International Theatre of Paris is to come, it must pin its faith to Mæcenas and his money, not to the man in the street, who is content with what is French in the spirit of Victor Hugo, who would have the world believe that every man has two countries—his own and then "la France."



A DISTINGUISHED POLISH VIOLINIST: M. PAUL KOCHANISKI.

Previous to his departure for America, M. Kochanski gave several recitals at the Wigmore Hall. He is a musician of rare distinction, and to Londoners who have heard him the news that his American tour will be but of short duration is very welcome.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



## "RUGGER": INTERNATIONAL AND INTER-UNIVERSITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS, IAN SMITH, AND S. AND G.



FRANCE MAKING RUGBY-FOOTBALL HISTORY: THE FRENCH FIFTEEN, WHO DEFEATED SCOTLAND AT INVERLEITH



BEATEN BY FRANCE BY A TRY TO NOTHING: THE SCOTTISH FIFTEEN FOR THE MATCH AT INVERLEITH.



WITH THE FRENCH PRESSING: A THROW-IN IN THE SCOTTISH TWENTY-FIVE LINE.



DURING THE SCOTLAND v. FRANCE MATCH: A TUSSELE AT A LINE-OUT.



DEFEATERS OF BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY BY ELEVEN POINTS: THE LONDON UNIVERSITY FIFTEEN.

The Rugby football match between Scotland and France, at Inverleith, on Saturday, January 22, resulted in a win for France by one try (three points) to nothing. It is true that Scotland's backs were somewhat experimental; but, on the other hand, France played no fewer than five reserves, and there is no doubt that the winners secured their victory by superiority in speed of foot and brain. Some five-and-twenty thousand people were present. Scotland played in white, lest the



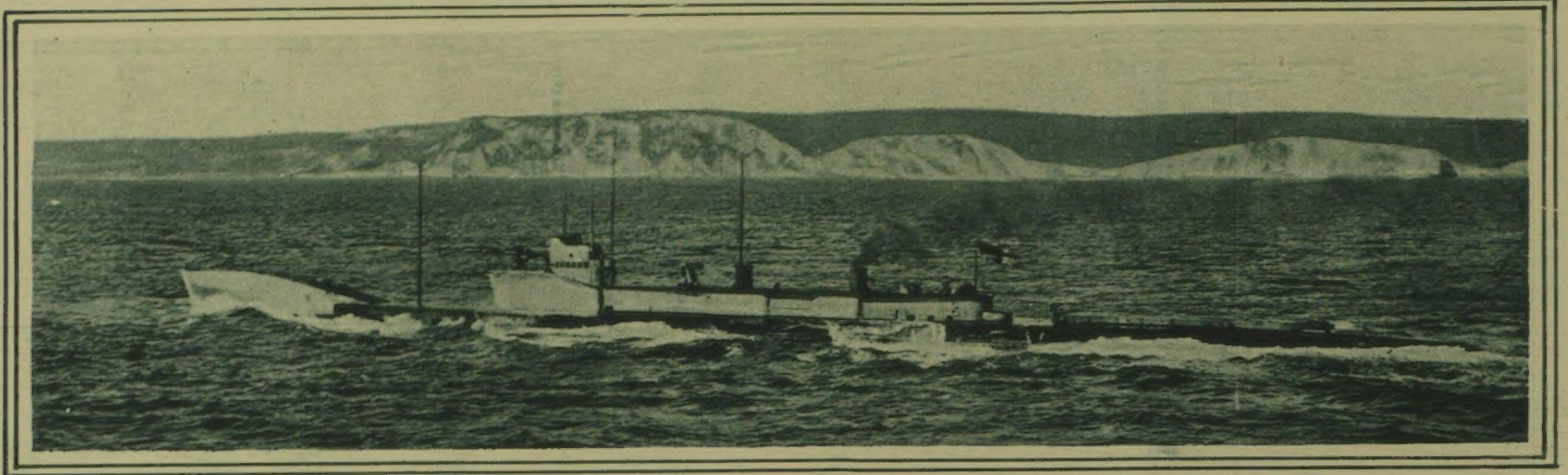
BEATEN BY THE LONDON UNIVERSITY FIFTEEN: THE BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY TEAM AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

similarity of their jerseys to those of France should cause confusion.—On the same day London University and Birmingham University met at Queen's Club. The home team won by a goal and three tries (fourteen points) to a try (three points). For three parts of the game the Londoners did most of the attacking, and would have scored heavily but for the fine tackling of the Birmingham backs, who frequently saved the situation.

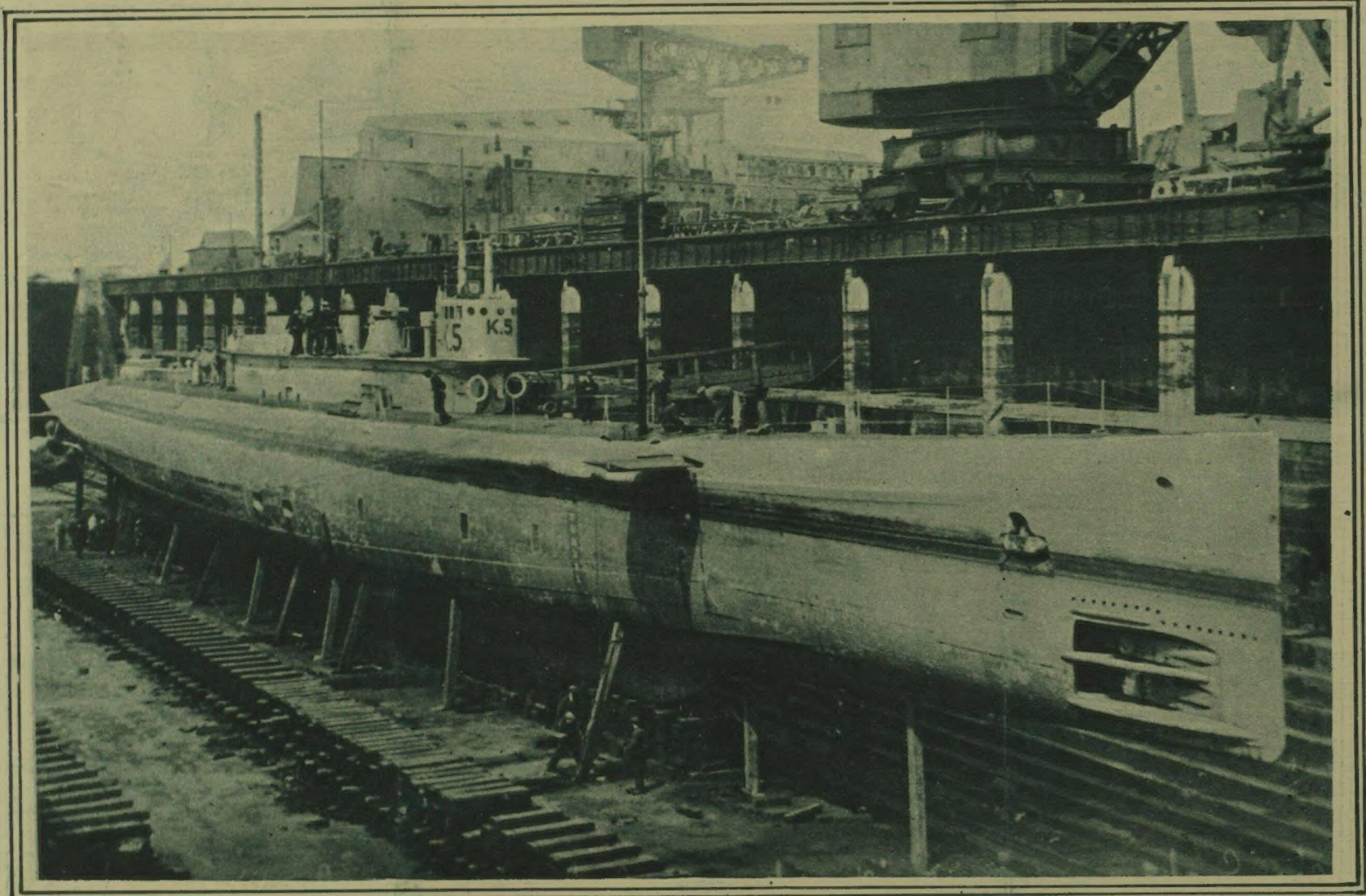


# THE SUBMARINE DISASTER: "K5," LOST WITH ALL HANDS.

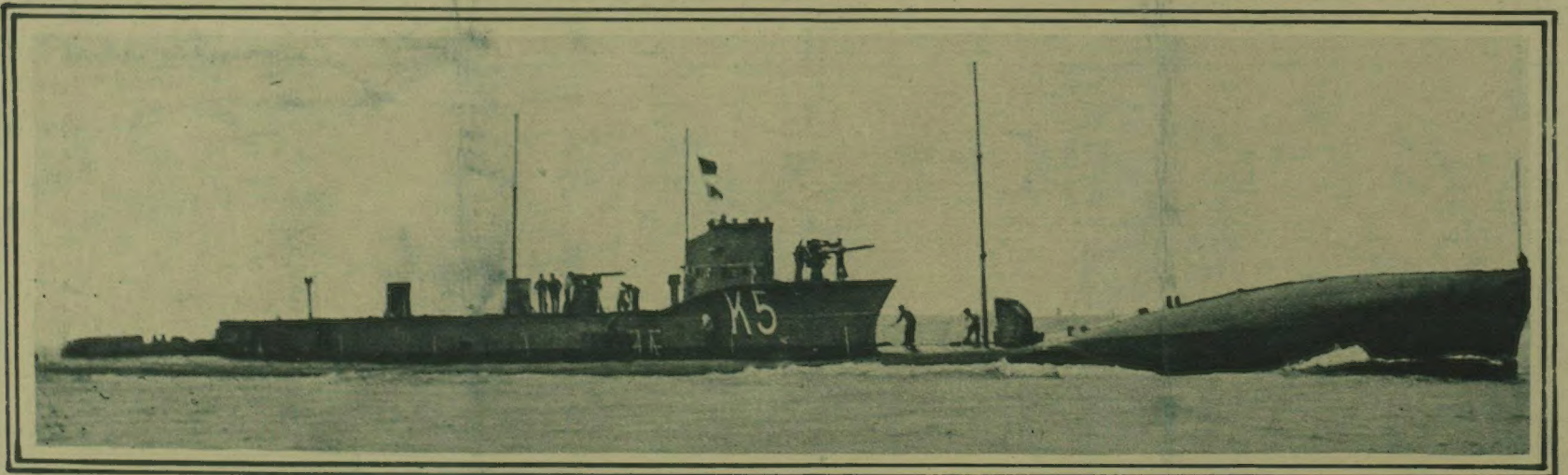
PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., AND BRITISH ILLUS.



SUNK "AT THE APPROACHES TO THE CHANNEL" ON JANUARY 20, WITH 6 OFFICERS AND 51 MEN: SUBMARINE "K5" (COMMANDER JOHN A. GAIMES, D.S.O.) AT SEA.



BEFORE THE FITTING OF THE RAISED BOWS (SEEN IN THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS) FOR PROTECTING MEN ON DECK FROM THE BOW-WAVES WHILE STEAMING AT CONSIDERABLE SPEED: THE "K5" IN DRY DOCK.



ONE OF A CLASS DESCRIBED AS "THE LARGEST AND FASTEST SUBMARINES IN EXISTENCE; CERTAINLY BY FAR THE MOST COMPLICATED": THE "K5"—STARBOARD SIDE.

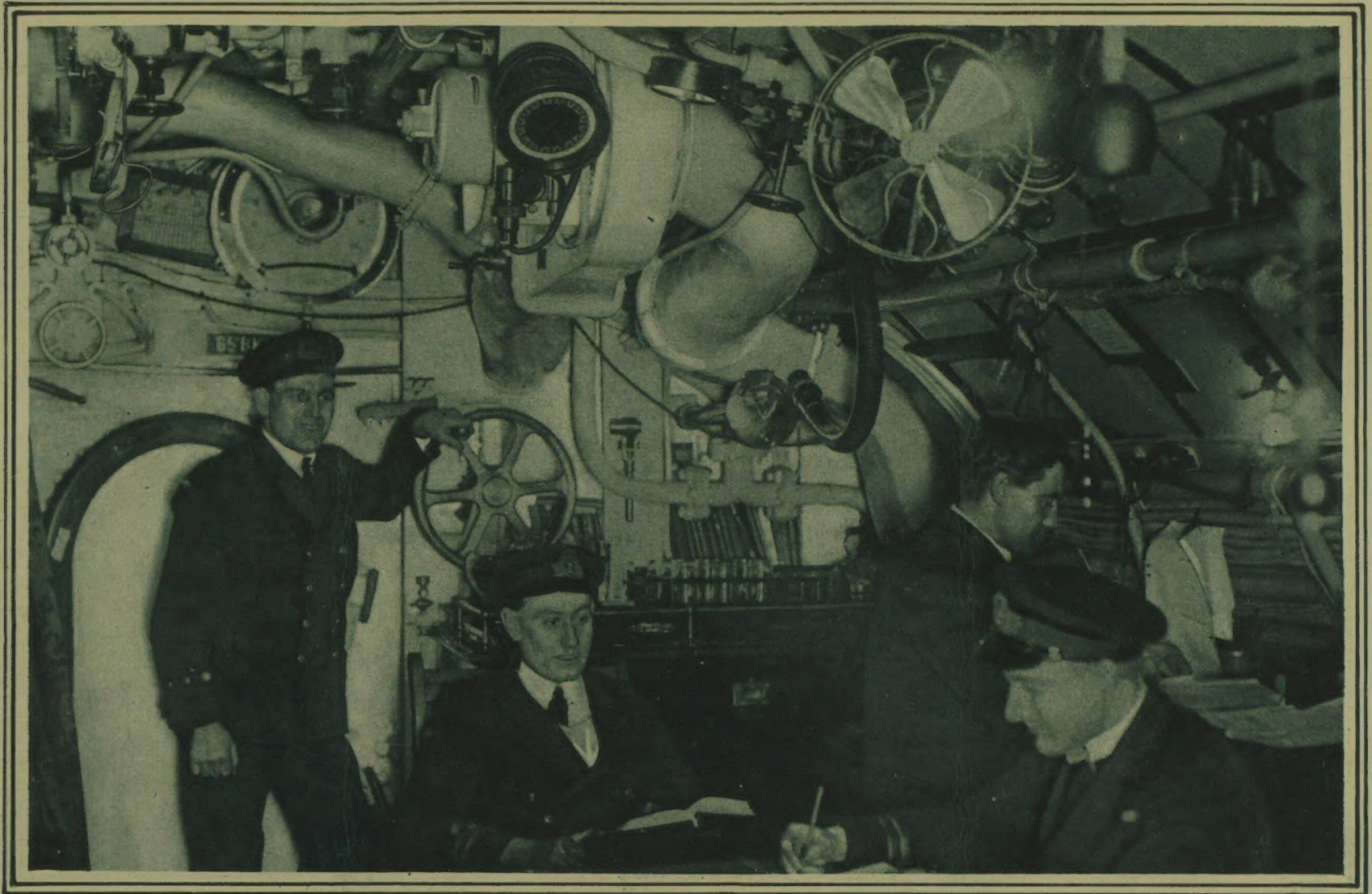
Submarine "K5" (Commander John A. Gaimes, R.N., D.S.O.) was lost with all hands on Thursday, January 20, about 120 miles south-west of the Scilly Islands. She had left Torbay with the Atlantic Fleet on the previous day, in company with four other boats of the "K" class. Wreckage was found which undoubtedly belonged to her. Rear-Admiral S. S. Hall writes: "The 'K' class submarines are the largest and fastest in existence, certainly by far the most complicated. . . . Probably the loss of the vessel was due to some delay in

checking the downward momentum in diving. . . . The water was so deep that the submarine would inevitably be crushed and prevent control being regained. . . . The 'K' boats could dive from 20 knots on the surface in about four minutes, but with anything but a perfectly trained crew any attempt to do this would be highly dangerous in deep water." "K" boats have a length of 334 ft., and displacement, (surface) 1880 tons, (submerged) 2650 tons. Their special feature is that they are steam-driven on the surface: the funnels are hinged down for diving.



## AS IT WAS IN THE LOST "K 5": LIFE IN A LARGE SUBMARINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



ON BOARD A SISTER SHIP TO THE ILL-FATED "K 5": OFFICERS IN THE WARD-ROOM OF THE "K 6," A BRITISH SUBMARINE OF THE LATEST TYPE, ONE OF THE LARGEST AND FASTEST AFLOAT.



TYPICAL OF THE WELL-APPOINTED FURNITURE AND ROOMY CONDITIONS IN SUBMARINES OF THE "K" CLASS: THE COMMANDER OF A "K" BOAT AT HIS DESK IN HIS CABIN.

These photographs taken in a sister ship of the same class show the conditions of life on board the lost submarine "K 5," and the type of officers who served in her. There went down in the "K 5" six officers and 51 men. The officers were: Lieut.-Commander John A. Gaimes, D.S.O. (the captain), Lieut. Frederick W. F. Cuddeford, Engineer-Lieutenant Edward J. Bowles, Acting Engineer-Lieutenant George W. Baker, Lieut. Benjamin J. Clarke, and Acting Lieut. Robert J. M.

Middlemist. Lieut.-Commander Gaimes, who won his D.S.O. in the war, was one of the most experienced of British submarine-commanders, having volunteered for that branch of the Service as long ago as 1908. He was writing a book on the work of submarines during the war. As our photographs show, the living accommodation in a large modern submarine is much roomier and better appointed than in the older and smaller boats.



## An Entente Cordiale in Education.

ENGLISH parents are beginning to realise at last that a knowledge of French is not only an important, but an indispensable, factor of every child's education. In the case of their sons little is left in their hands, for the British Public School is a necessity. With daughters it is different, and Paris now contains a large number of *pensions* where they may have the best chance in the world of acquiring this immense benefit. Indeed, an English girl in Paris is much to be envied, and happier still she who arrives

better understanding of the lessons, to extend our knowledge of French literature, and to correct the grammatical mistakes which were far too frequent in our compositions. This class was so successful in our case that before long we were joined by girls of all nationalities—Australians, Americans, Greeks, Alsatians, and Chinese, boarders at the Lycée; and the "Cours des Etrangères" soon became official.

At length, after a short apprenticeship at the Cours des Etrangères, we gradually began to attend more classes with the French girls. Instead of all of us doing the same work, each took her own subjects independently of the others, and some became regular pupils of the Lycée, subject to its rules and receiving marks like any other member of the class. Our studies now include a large range of subjects, varying from the lives and works of the ancient Greek dramatists to modern languages and cooking. The cookery class does not include any French girls—and, indeed, they were much surprised to learn that we did not already know how to cook. We take our lesson on alternate weeks with the foreign boarders; while at the end of the term we all combine to give an exhibition of our skill at a tea-party to which the Directress and other mistresses are invited. At each lesson we are taught to cook a complete meal, two of us working on each course. Failures are practically unheard-of, but I doubt whether, in every case, we should be able to repeat the experiment if left to our own devices.

In addition to these classes, every girl is free to take up any subject she pleases, outside the Lycée. Thus several go three times a week to the Atelier Julien, others fence at a *salle d'armes*, and riding is also a popular form of exercise. Then there are two of the best professors of the Conservatoire for piano and elocution; while any modern language may also be studied.

Every moment of the week is carefully planned out, and we each possess a minute note-book in which are written the

time-tables for every day. Each book is arranged in such a manner as to allow the owner one free afternoon a week in which to visit the various monuments and museums of Paris, and occasionally to do any shopping that may be necessary. On Thursday the Lycée gives a whole holiday, and the morning is taken up by a lecture at the Louvre, while the afternoon is reserved for *matinées* at a theatre. These, for pupils who are more advanced in French, consist of performances at either of the national theatres—the Comédie Française and the Odéon—undoubtedly the pleasantest part of our French education. For those whose French is insufficient there is the Opéra Comique; while parties of five go to the Opéra, on an average, once a week.

Sunday is really the only day on which time has a remote chance to hang heavy on our hands; although to those who have work to do for the Lycée, to be given in the next day, a long free



AFTER A SPILL IN THE KITCHEN: ONE OF THE ENGLISH SOCIETY GIRL PUPILS OF A LYCÉE COOKERY CLASS SWABBING THE FLOOR.

Drawn by J. Simont specially for "The Illustrated London News."

with a sufficient knowledge of the language to be able to dispense with the drudgery of grammar lessons and avail herself immediately of her great opportunities. In this new atmosphere, so different from that of England—an atmosphere that arouses every ounce of energy, for everything in Paris is perpetually in movement—she lives a new life, and when it is over she will return, very appreciative of her home, with new ideas and memories for which she will ever be thankful.

Of course, I am only able to speak of my personal experience, which, I imagine, differs to a certain degree from that of the majority of English girls in Paris, although in many details it is necessarily the same. For instance, I believe that in a great many *pensions* (I must needs retain the French word, as they cannot be called schools—least of all the one where I am staying at present) most of the work is done at the house; whereas in the delightful flats in the Champ de Mars, my present home, there are given only a very few private lessons, such as music, Italian, and sewing, although all "preparation" is done there. For all other subjects, at eight o'clock in the morning we daily wend our way, passing the Eiffel Tower and the Ecole Militaire, along the dreary Champ de Mars to the Lycée Victor Duruy. This Lycée, formerly the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, was originally intended for a considerably smaller number of pupils than it now contains. So it was not with enthusiasm that the Directress received nearly a score of English girls.

At first we attended certain classes as listeners only; although later, to the delight and interest of the French girls, we attempted to do the "preparation." Later, as a supplement to these classes, a special one was started to help us to a



DURING A COOKERY CLASS AT A LYCÉE IN PARIS: BEATING UP EGGS.

Drawn by J. Simont specially for "The Illustrated London News."

afternoon is very welcome. It is in every sense a day of rest, and we take full advantage of it in the morning, as the Lycée necessitates breakfast at 7.30 on weekdays. After church we are free to do what we like, and this is our chief day for going out with friends; while there is also a possibility of going to a concert or a theatre, but it has to be a classic one.

On weekdays it is only after dinner that we are all united, without being on the point of rushing off somewhere. This time is passed either in reading the paper or conversation, or listening to the reading aloud of some poem, play, or book that may be of particular interest.

AVERIL INGRAM.



AFTER COOKING A COMPLETE MEAL (AND EATING IT): WASHING UP.

Drawn by J. Simont specially for "The Illustrated London News."



# AFTER GREEK DRAMATISTS, COOKERY: FROM EURIPIDES TO EGGS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. SIMONT.



SEEKING WISDOM FROM A FRENCH EQUIVALENT OF MRS. BEETON: ENGLISH GIRLS IN THE COOKERY CLASS COPYING OUT RECIPES FOR DISHES.



UNPLEASANT, BUT NECESSARY: "DRAWING" FISH FOR COOKING.



PREPARING THE SWEETS: CUTTING UP APPLES FOR A TART.



THE DELICATE ART OF EGG-BREAKING: AN OBJECT-LESSON IN SEPARATING THE YOLK FROM THE WHITE.

In the article on another page describing the educational experiences of an English girl in Paris, we read: "Our studies now include a large range of subjects, varying from the lives and works of the ancient Greek dramatists to modern languages and cooking." The cookery course for girls attending a *lycée* is very

thorough, as our illustrations show. They do not shirk any of the more disagreeable preliminaries, such as cleaning out fish and mopping up spills on the floor, or the equally uninspiring sequel of washing-up, as shown in drawings given with the article.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## A CAUSE OF SURPRISE TO THEIR FRENCH FELLOW-STUDENTS: ENGLISH GIRLS AT A COOKERY-CLASS IN PARIS.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. SIMONT.



## QUALIFYING TO BE PRACTICAL RULERS OF HOUSEHOLDS: ENGLISH GIRLS STUDYING COOKERY AT A PARIS LYCÉE—A DEMONSTRATION IN PASTRY-MAKING.

The education of the modern English girl of good family is practical as well as intellectual. Though she may not have to do her own cooking when she comes to rule a household, it is felt that she will at any rate need to know how such things ought to be done. As the article on another page explains, the *lycées* in Paris have a domestic side to their curriculum for foreign students. "The cookery class," it is pointed out, "does not include any French girls—and, indeed, they were much surprised to learn that we did not already know how to cook. We take our lesson on alternate weeks with the foreign boarders; while at

the end of the term we all combine to give an exhibition of our skill at a tea-party, to which the Directress and other mistresses are invited. At each lesson we are taught to cook a complete meal, two of us working on each course. Failures are practically unheard of, but I doubt whether, in every case, we should be able to repeat the experiment if left to our own devices." The above drawing shows a group of English girls attending a cookery class, and watching the operations of an instructress giving a demonstration of pastry-making.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## ADVENTURES IN COOKERY: ENGLISH GIRLS AT A PARIS LYCÉE.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. SIMONT.



A SUDDEN SHOWER! A LIGHTER INTERLUDE IN THE PURSUIT OF THE CULINARY ART BY ENGLISH GIRLS ATTENDING A COOKERY CLASS IN PARIS.



"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING": ENGLISH GIRLS LEARNING COOKERY AT A PARIS LYCÉE ENJOYING THE MEAL WHICH THEY HAVE ALL HAD A HAND IN PREPARING.

Cookery has its lighter side, as the upper drawing on this page shows. Elsewhere in the number are further illustrations of the subject and an article describing an English girl's course of studies in Paris, of which this weekly class in cookery, at the Lycée Victor Duruy, forms a part. At every lesson the girls are taught

to cook a complete meal, two of them working on each course. When it is ready, they eat it. Cookery has that advantage over most subjects—it is easy to test results, and to bring home mistakes (if any) to the perpetrator in a very practical manner.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

A SALE of old English pottery always has an atmosphere of allurements. There is a homeliness and robust character in our native

faience. Worcester and Derby and Bristol porcelain make their appeal

with brilliant colours, an echo of the cosmopolitan world of ceramics. To oak dressers filled with old Staffordshire ware, a Chelsea or a Bow figure comes with as perturbing an influence as did the two town ladies who burst in upon the quiet drawing-room of the Vicar of Wakefield and his family, and who "talked nothing but high life, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses."

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 21st sold the interesting collection of Staffordshire pottery formed by Mr. Frank Falkner, which was exhibited at the Salford Museum in 1906. Mr. Falkner is remembered by his monograph of "The Wood Family of Burslem," and there were some fine examples by the Ralph Woods, father and son. There was the well-known group, the "Vicar and Moses," in translucent colours. Modelled about 1750, it represents Sunday morning in church with the Vicar, in wig and cassock, asleep in a two-decker pulpit, and the clerk at the desk below with uplifted hands. This humorous piece has been copied down to the present day, but the copies lack the sharpness of outline and the delicacy of the glazes of the Ralph Wood original.

Other Ralph Wood pieces were "Minerva," standing figure, 12 in. high; a bust of Milton in white; and "Cupid," seated on a panther, 8½ in. high, which realised 85 guineas. Of Enoch Wood, nephew to Ralph Wood senior, there were figures of "Diana" and "Fortune," 11½ in. and 10 in. high respectively; "St. Peter," a large standing figure with pedestal at side, 18½ in. high; and busts of Whitfield and Wesley—the latter gave sittings to Enoch Wood in 1781, when on one of his preaching tours. There was a Wood and Caldwell bust of "Alexander the Great of Russia." On some of the models from this factory is the inscription on a tablet at the back: "Alexander. Act. 35. Moscow burnt. Europe preserved. 1812."

Wedgwood figures, decorated in colours, of "Apollo and Jupiter," "Charity and Peace," and "Fortitude," and a large standing female figure in white, 21½ in. high, with impressed mark, indicated that Josiah Wedgwood made large quantities of earthenware figures prior to embarking on his busts and cameos in jasper and black basalt. The earlier Whieldon school, wherein native characters are portrayed with a fine mastery of potting, included the "Market Woman," the standing figure of a soldier with a raised glass, a seated figure of an old woman smoking a pipe, a child with chicken, a hawk, and other homely subjects in mottled brown and green and tortoiseshell glazes. These tiny figures, with an artistic blending of colours and glazes, indicate a refinement of taste, even though they were hawked from fair to fair in the country and adorned the cottager's mantelshelf. Connoisseurs who treasure the technical triumphs of Thomas Whieldon and the Whieldon school often have the lingering thought as to what might have been had not his pupil Josiah Wedgwood brought about the invasion of Staffordshire by the gods and goddesses of Olympia, who swept aside the record of English country life, "the simple annals of the poor."

At Christie's on the 26th, old English silver-plate came up for sale from various sources. A sugar basin and cover, and a pair of tea-caddies, chased with flowers and foliage, by Samuel Taylor, 1748 and 1749, in mahogany case, were noticeable. A curious example was

a spoon, early English, surmounted by the figure of Buddha, and the bowl pricked with the date 1658. We know that the raising of the price of pepper by the Dutch in 1599 was the immediate cause of the foundation of the English East India Company, which received its Charter in 1600, and that Fort St. George (Madras) was founded in 1639. The dilettante collector found much in this sale to

pot was emptied, ate the tea-leaves between slices of bread with sugar, as a delicacy.

The collection of British and foreign orders and war-medals of the late Colonel Knox, of Londonderry, is to be sold by

Messrs. Sotheby on Feb. 3 and 4. It comprises medals of the East India Company, and includes one for the action between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*. Waterloo, 1815: William Ayre, 2nd Batt. Coldstream Guards; Samuel Gillespie, 3rd Batt. 1st Foot; Serjt. William Shannon, 1st Batt. 4th Foot. Crimea: Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, Sebastopol—W. Ellis, R.H.A. Relief of Lucknow: J. Dowd, 60th Royal Rifles—these and many others stretch across the gamut of the Empire's wars. The descriptions run, "extra fine," "rare," "scarce"—and some are "without name." One is reminded of the nameless grave of a British Warrior in Westminster Abbey, and the silent Cenotaph in memory of the fallen. Be it remembered that collectors are not buying medals—to quote "Caller Herrin"—"Call them lives o' men."

On Feb. 11, Messrs. Sotheby are selling an important collection of old English and French furniture and fine tapestries, including two unique specimens of Elizabethan needlework, being the properties of Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. George E. Monckton, Lord St. John of Bletso, and Mme. Negrel.

A series of Georgian wall-mirrors of mid-eighteenth-century period display the evolution of various types, culminating in a pair of Chippendale carved wood and gilded mirrors in the Chinese taste, with scrolls, birds and foliage, and two Chinese figures. These are 7 ft. 3 in. high, and are remarkable examples. They belong to the period when Sir William Chambers erected the Chinese pagoda at Kew Gardens, and resemble designs shown in Chippendale's *Director*. Other fine Chippendale examples include a state bed (exhibiting individuality in carving), a fine commode, and a table with shaped top with spindle gallery border, on ball-and-claw feet. A fine early-Georgian three-back settee is of walnut, in date about 1720. The heavy Dutch splats to the backs and the claw-and-ball feet betray its Batavian origin in regard to design. To what *finesse* the settee could be brought is exhibited in a pair of Hepplewhite four-back examples, with honeysuckle pattern carved in mahogany, and of the same design is a superb set of six Hepplewhite chairs.

Lacquer has its votaries nowadays; in consequence, the Charles II. lacquer cabinet, in black and gold, with folding doors enclosing eleven drawers, is a *pièce de résistance* to collectors. The tapestry offers glorious opportunities. A large panel, 16 ft. by 12 ft., is early eighteenth-century Brussels work by Jos. de Voss, and represents a

Teniers subject of a village fête, with boors carousing in front of an inn. This is in fine condition and is in brilliant colours; the borders imitate a carved and gilt frame. In examples at the Victoria and Albert Museum of similar work termed "Les Tenières," the borders have been cut off. So this example comes into the market as being exceptionally fine, and will realise a big price. A unique panel of Elizabethan needlework is the finest of its kind ever offered for sale. It is an example of old English *petit-point* or tent stitch-work, and is 18 ft. long by 4 ft. wide. Another magnificent panel of old English needlework was made to commemorate the marriage of Oliver St. John, first Earl of Bolingbroke, to Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of William Poulet, in 1602. The borders are worked with twenty shields of arms displaying the various alliances of the noble family of St. John, descended in male line from one of the great tenants *in capite* mentioned in Domesday Book.



POLO IN ANCIENT PERSIA: AN OFFENDED MONARCH USES HIS SWORD—A LEAF FROM A PERSIAN MS.

This leaf from a MS. of the Shah Abbas School is included in the sale at Sotheby's, on February 8, of Persian and Indian Miniatures formerly in the Rosenberg Collection. The description says: "Siawush, displaying his skill at polo before Afrasiab and the Turks, offends Afrasiab, who attacks him with a sword. The scene is laid in a walled court; above the wall in the central arch are musicians, and on either side in two tiers a large company of grandees looking down into the court below."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

awaken his interest. An oblong, fluted tea-pot, with gadroon and shell borders and claw feet, Edinburgh, 1808, belongs to Sir Walter Scott's day, when the ladies of Edinburgh, after the tea-



BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN ANCIENT INDIA: SHAH JAHAN, BEHIND A LINE OF CATTLE, ATTACKING LIONS AND TIGERS IN AN ENCLOSURE.

The catalogue of the sale of Persian and Indian Miniatures at Sotheby's on February 8 says of this hunting scene: "Shah Jahan, armed with a gun, seated on an elephant, following a line of nine long-horned cattle, each with a spearman on his back, advancing to attack two lions and two tigers within the enclosure of a stockade." (Moghul School)

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.



## THE MODERN TOUCH IN PORTRAITURE: SOCIETY

REPRODUCED FROM PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT THE



"THE HON. PAMELA BOSCAWEN": A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY R. G. EVES.



"EVELYN, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. SIR EDGAR WALTON, K.C.M.G.": BY G. ENGLISH.



"MRS. R. GUINNESS": A WATER-COLOUR BY AMBROSE McEVY.



"MRS. FREDERICK MENZIES": AN OIL-PAINTING BY HARRINGTON MANN.



"MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS": A WATER-COLOUR BY AMBROSE McEVY.

ONE of the features of this year's Exhibition of the National Portrait Society is the number of Society women who appear both as "subjects" and artists also. The Hon. Lois Sturt, daughter of Lady Ailington, exhibits an oil, "Portrait of a Girl," and is the subject of one portrait by Gerald F. Kelly; two by Ambrose McEvoy; and four studies by Drian; while Miss d'Erlanger, who exhibits a water-colour drawing, is portrayed by her mother, the Baroness d'Erlanger, in a water-colour.



"LADY SWAYTHLING": AN OIL-PAINTING BY FLORA LION.

## WOMEN ON CANVAS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

GRAFTON GALLERIES, BY COURTESY OF THE ARTISTS, WHOSE COPYRIGHT IS RESERVED.



"MRS. MONCKTON HOFFE": AN OIL-PAINTING BY CHARLES BUEHEL.



"MRS. RAPHAEL": A WATER-COLOUR BY F. KATHERINE MAYER.



"MISS MARGARET LINDSAY": AN OIL-PAINTING BY FLORA LION.

THOSE who visit the Grafton Galleries in the guise of art critics only, miss a good deal of the flavour with which the National Portrait Society tickles the palates of more frivolous visitors, for the change in dress, general style, and outlook of the modern Society woman is delightfully italicized by the juxtaposition of such pictures as Winterhalter's portrait of Queen Alexandra (which was lent by her Majesty from Marlborough House) and the beauties of the twentieth century as limned by Ambrose McEvoy, Gerald F. Kelly, R. G. Eves, P. A. de Laszlo, and other well-known artists of the day. The moderns seek to catch an evanescent moment; to put down a fleeting mood of their sitter rather than paint her in the calm, everyday style of the Victorians.



"MISS JULIA JAMES": A WATER-COLOUR BY AMBROSE McEVY.



"VISCOUNTESS GRIMSTON": AN OIL-PAINTING BY P. A. DE LASZLO.

THE work of Mr. Ambrose McEvoy affords one of the most interesting features of the National Portrait Society's Exhibition, as he is perhaps the most successful painter of the modern Society woman, and he is exhibiting no less than fifteen pictures at the Grafton Gallery. A selection of his portraits is reproduced on this page, including that of Miss Julia James, the well-known actress; Mrs. R. Guinness; and Mrs. Romer-Williams, which illustrate his style both in oils and water-colours. Mr. McEvoy came into prominence as a portrait-painter just before the war, and now has an international reputation: some of his works having been acquired by the Luxembourg and other foreign galleries.



"MRS. ROMER-WILLIAMS": AN OIL-PAINTING BY AMBROSE McEVY.

The modern manner in portrait-painting can be studied at large in the Exhibition of the National Portrait Society, which was recently opened at the Grafton Galleries, and will remain open until March. The portraits here reproduced have a double interest: artistically, as examples of the work of well-known living painters; and socially, as a group of modern women of Society. Every age has its own ideals, concerning both art and womanhood, and it will be natural to compare these, and other portraits in the

Exhibition, with the work of former periods. The modern painter, it may be considered, seeks to portray the personality of the sitter, with less attention than the Old Masters gave to detail and finish. Perhaps it is that the modern woman has more personality than those who sat to Reynolds or Gainsborough. Taking the above as a typical group, both of pictures and people, they certainly give the impression of more soul and more intellect than women's portraits of earlier days.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THERE is nothing new under the moon, not even Spiritualism. Indeed, the tambourines which were formerly so often used in its obscure ritual (to-day trumpets are preferred) serve to remind us that it came to Imperial Rome from the East when, in the similitude of the satirist, the Orontes had become the tributary of the Tiber. Also Dean Inge reminds us, in his monumental treatise on Plotinus and his philosophy, that it was a widely current craze in the exhausted Third Century, when the Roman Empire had ceased to be a progressive power, partly because of the extinction by over-taxing of the middle-class or practical "intelligentsia," members of which would take refuge in mines (as some Welsh parsons are doing to-day) or among charcoal-burners, in order to escape the deadly burden of their responsibilities. In the Middle Ages, again, all the phenomena of modern Spiritualism were widely known under other names—thus the "control" of to-day was then called a "familiar"; a "medium" would be described as the victim of "possession by a demon"; and what is now known as "materialisation," etc., would be condemned as "black magic"—so also, to be quite fair, would have been the results of our power to control electricity and other natural forces! I can but regret, for literary reasons, the colourless respectability of the names of the modern medium's familiars—Rector, Feda, and Phinuit are far less alluring appellations than Sack-and-Sugar, Peck-in-the-Crown, and Grizell Greedygut, whom one meets in the record of a famous Scottish witchcraft trial. It is a curious fact that psychic evidence was much more carefully scrutinised in mediæval times than is the case to-day with such zealots as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Thus, in the amazing Gautfridi case (see Michelet's "La Sorcière" for a most intriguing description) a medium of genius actually appeared in court, the familiar spirits giving evidence through her lips, which was honestly weighed by trained lawyers in accordance with the rules of criticism then accepted.

In "THE EARTHEN VESSEL" (John Lane; 6s. net), by Pamela Glenconner, we have what seems to be an unusually straightforward and uncoloured account of certain spiritualistic experiments carried out with the help of a fashionable medium, Mrs. Osborne Leonard, under the "control" of Feda, a Hindu girl, who is said to have been one of her foremothers, if I may coin a term. Lady Glenconner believes that by means of "book-tests" it has been clearly proved that she is in communication with her son, Edward Wyndham Tennant, who fell in action on the Somme in 1916. A keen love of literature was one of the innumerable links of sympathy between Lady Glenconner (the late George Wyndham's sister) and her son during his lifetime on earth. The love uniting this mother and son was of a singular and touching intensity. Is it not sad and strange to think—if, indeed, it be so—that such a mother and such a son must have the help of a professional medium and a familiar spirit before they can communicate with one another! However, let us look at a specimen of these "book-tests" which, as Sir Oliver Lodge tells us in a short "Prefatory and Explanatory Note," came into vogue during the war-years. Feda is supposed to be speaking through Mrs. Leonard, after some time given to communication through trance utterances—

Now Bim [the son's pet-name] says he is sending a message; a Book-Test for his Mother. He says it is in the drawing-room, on the side of the book-shelf near the door. You must look in the third shelf and take the fifth book counting from left to right; turn to page 83. He says the passage alludes to his present life, and to what you feel about it. He says: "Tell her that her love for me has bridged the gulf, and love has shown the way." He repeats that "love has shown the way."

Lady Glenconner found that the book in the place mentioned was "The World We Live In," written by Brackett and published at Boston in 1909, and that the following passage occurred on page 83—

The pathway to the Unseen World  
Is full of joy and hope untold,  
With Love's rich bloom and fragrant air,



HEREDITARY EARL MARSHAL: "THE DUKE OF NORFOLK"—A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY R. G. EVES.

The young Duke of Norfolk, now twelve years of age, is Premier Duke, Hereditary Earl Marshal, and Chief Butler of England. From the Drawing in the National Portrait Society's Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. By Courtesy of the Artist. Copyright Reserved.

Unselfish deeds and silent prayer.  
Who seeks to climb some other way  
Will tarry long, will go astray,  
For Love alone can point the way.

I can see no evidence for collusion, conscious or unconscious. This and other results of these "book-tests" cannot, so far as I can see, be

explained on any theory of thought-transference.

But, looking at the facts already known about the phenomena of trance-mediumship, the crucial question to my mind is: "Is it a spirit in the hereafter or a simulacrum, so to speak, in the mother's subconsciousness which is at work in these supposed communications? We know how such simulacra, wraiths of the living and the dead, present themselves in dreams (in which the occluded things of the under-mind appear) and both talk and act in character. After all, every person survives death in the memory of those who loved, and were loved by, him during his lifetime.

The study of trance-mediumship by scientific experts is still in its beginnings, for the "under-man" or unconscious mind is still largely an unexplored oubliette. It is not, perhaps, quite true to say, as a Cambridge psychologist said the other evening over a glass of College port, that we know rather less about the older and deeper strata of human mentality (remember, all this is only a metaphor) than we do of the interior of the earth. After all, the phenomena of dreams, when elucidated by the Freudian theory or "working hypothesis" of the suppressed wish, provide us with a number of clues to the mystery within ourselves. "THE LOGIC OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND" (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s. net), by M. K. Bradby, is an excellent guide to this branch of psychology. The two chapters (xv. and xvi.) touching on the phenomena of Spiritualism form the best bird's-eye view, from the scientist's standpoint, of the subject that has yet appeared. Science, whether pursuing the historical method (as Sir James Frazer and his disciples do) or placing the individual under observation, will have nothing to say to the theory that the spirits of the dead communicate with the living through go-betweens. It is only in a primitive stage of human progress that the spirit-theory is generally accepted—as it is with certain savage tribes with whom every person is a medium on occasion. Mediums belong to every age and clime; the historic list includes the saint Theresa, the adventurer

Cellini, the prophet Wesley, and the scoundrel Rasputin. They are as distinct and easily recognisable as a class as, for example, poets are. The same distinctive character and the same limited range are noticeable in all their so-called spirit-communications, whether these come by spirit "raps," trance utterance, automatic writing, or the visions of clairvoyance. They never enlighten us on any point of practical interest, nor do they ever forestall the scientific discoveries of the morrow; they have added nothing to the world's treasury of literature. All their activities are subjective; these are set a-foot either by hidden traits of the ego, demanding expression, or by the influence of sitters in the circle. The mind at primitive levels is suggestible in the extreme; so the medium accepts whatever explanations of her doings and sayings is suggested by sitters, and does and says, as far as possible, whatever is expected of her. Moreover, it is demonstrable that the strangest of their activities are but extreme examples of what ordinary people, such as you and I, constantly do and experience. For example, I myself when very tired have written gibberish automatically, and Miss Bradby tells the story of an educated woman who suddenly found she had written the strange sentence: "A mastermaniac withdrawal from the scheme of revolutionary progress with Empedocles glorified at the outset." Had she been a gullible person at a séance, she might have believed the spirit of George Meredith was guiding her pen! Lady Glenconner's "book-tests" are a complicated example of suggestion and counter-suggestion, and belong to a category of problems which can only be completely solved when persons with mediumistic gifts submit their dreams to psycho-analysis—an exacting experience, for they will have to doff habits of the mind and live, like Marcus Aurelius, for a time "without walls or curtains."



THE GRAND OLD MAN OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: "THOMAS HARDY, ESQ., O.M."—AN OIL PAINTING BY JACQUES BLANCHE.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the veteran novelist and poet, kept his eightieth birthday on June 2 last year. The Hardy Players arranged to give "The Return of the Native" (dramatised from his novel) at the Guildhall School of Music Theatre on January 27.

From the Picture in the National Portrait Society's Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. By Courtesy of the Artist. Copyright Reserved.



## SUBMARINE CABLES AS PILOTS: SOUND-SIGNALS BRING SHIPS TO PORT.



PILOTED THROUGH A ROCKY CHANNEL BY SOUND-SIGNALS FROM A SUBMERGED CABLE OPERATED FROM THE SHORE: A STEAMER (WITH THE RECEIVING APPARATUS INDICATED) MAKING A DIFFICULT PASSAGE, ITS WAKE SHOWING THE WINDINGS OF THE CABLE.

THE apparatus on board ship consists of two rectangular frames on which are wound isolated copper wires to receive currents from the magnetic field. The frames are placed vertically, one lengthways with the ship, the other in a crosswise direction. They can be separated or joined as required. Their wires are connected to telephone receivers on the bridge. The musical resonance is so intense that it dominates all other noises. The frames are seen near the bows of the ship in the upper illustration.



RECEIVING SIGNALS FROM A SUBMARINE "PILOT" CABLE: (L. TO R.) M. W. A. LOTH (THE INVENTOR), CAPTAIN AUDOUARD, AND CAPTAIN FLOCH, OF THE FRENCH NAVY, ON THE BRIDGE OF THE GUN-BOAT "BELLIQUEUSE."

IN order to complete the system, two other frames of the same dimensions as the preceding ones, and supplied with a coil of insulated copper wire, are put up horizontally—one on the starboard side, and the other on the port side, as shown in the upper illustration. These frames, which also receive the inducted current, whose musical sounds can be easily heard, are intended to indicate on which side of the cable the ship is. The frame nearer to the cable, when the ship's course is parallel to it, sounds louder than the other.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science, Admiral Fournier announced the discovery of a new process in navigation by means of which ships will be able to make land in a fog and come safely into port. This, the invention of a young physicist, M. W. A. Loth, has given such satisfactory results that the French Navy has adopted it after trials made on board the gun-boat "Belliqueuse" and the armed cruiser "Gloire," at Brest. It consists chiefly of a conducting cable laid at the bottom of the sea in a given direction, traversed by an electric current in musical frequency, which can be interrupted in order to vary the duration of the messages and indicate them by a signal or recognised note. The current passes into the heart of the cable, and, returning through the

armature and the sea, creates in the surrounding liquid mass a magnetic field of the same frequency, which passes into the air above and transmits easily perceptible currents into a special receiving apparatus placed on board ships. A similar system has been invented by the British Navy, and a demonstration of its use took place at Portsmouth on Jan. 4. It was used successfully in the war, but has hitherto been kept secret. The Portsmouth cable has become a permanent addition to the navigating facilities of the port, and all large war-ships are being fitted with the receiving apparatus. The cable gives out a musical note audible 300 yards on each side of it. A "leader cable" has also been laid in the Ambrose Channel, New York Harbour.



## THE "RED TSAR'S" NEW FOES: A RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT IN PARIS.



RUSSIAN CADETS AND SOCIALISTS IN EXILE SINK PARTY DIFFERENCES TO COMBINE AGAINST BOLSHEVISM, AT THE SUGGESTION OF KERENSKY: THE NEW RUSSIAN CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY SITTING IN PARIS.



MORE JEALOUSLY GUARDED THAN THE LATE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II.: LENIN, THE "RED TSAR" OF THE BOLSHEVIST TYRANNY, READING THE "PRAVDA" AT HIS DESK IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

Russian history is repeating itself, so to speak, upside down. Just as exiled opponents of Tsardom formerly assembled abroad, so now do exiled opponents of Bolshevism. Paris has become the headquarters of the new Russian Constituent Assembly, which met for the first time recently in an old hotel in the rue de Poitiers, a quiet street of the *rive gauche*. It represents a reunion of the Cadets and the Socialist Revolutionary Party, who have agreed to sink their differences. So long as the Wrangel Government existed, it was impossible for them to combine, because some supported armed intervention against the Bolsheviks, and others opposed it. The idea of forming this new Assembly, it is said, originated with M. Kerensky, who was present on the occasion illustrated above, but is not seen in the photograph, as he was sitting at one end of the horse-shoe table. Kerensky is still the moving spirit of the Social Revolutionary Party. The second figure on the extreme left in the background is M. Miliukoff,

Chief of the Cadets. Further to the right is the white-bearded M. Tchaikovsky, head of the Socialist patriots and formerly President of the temporary Archangel Government. The three central figures at the far end are (from left to right): M. Konovalof (a Moscow industrial magnate), M. Avksentief (presiding; a Social Revolutionary), and M. Minor. There are four or five million non-Bolshevist Russian exiles scattered about the world. The photograph of Lenin was brought from Russia by M. Ludovic Naudeau, author of "In Prison under the Russian Terror," who says of the Bolshevik leader: "Under his autocratic tyranny a whole people trembles. He rules by terror. He is the Red Tsar." Lenin's room in the Kremlin is plainly furnished, its only ornament being a huge portrait of Karl Marx. Lenin himself is described as "an enigmatic personage with a bald head and little narrow slanting eyes, pale and emaciated, with the red nose of one suffering from a cold." He wore a woollen sweater.



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## LADIES' NEWS.

PRINCESS MARY has won the "Brush." If anyone says she was given it because she is the King's daughter, put it down to envy, for it was truly and well won by a girl who in a long run, part of it very fast, and over none too easy country, kept her place, rode straight and with judgment, and, be it said, with evident keen enjoyment. This is not my verdict, but that of a middle-aged man who knows all about hunting and who was in the run too, although, as he says, "not level with the Princess by a long chalk." We all know the men who put D.S.O.'s won by other men down to smoking cigars with the General! Well, whoever says Princess Mary did not fairly win her "Brush" belongs to that species, and it is, happily, as rare as it is unpleasant.

Two very eligible men are about to "range" themselves—the Earl of Dalkeith and Lord Somers. Lord Dalkeith was a brother officer during the war, and is an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, who was one of the first to congratulate him. He is a fine man, minus frills, and greatly liked; quiet, like his father, but sincere and thorough—what men call "one of the best." He is heir to a great Dukedom—one that, curiously enough, was created on the wedding-day of an ancestress, Anne Countess of Buccleuch, said to have been a singularly able and fine woman. She married the Duke of Monmouth, and they were, on their wedding-day, created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Earl and Countess of Dalkeith. The Duke, poor dear, lost his head; but the Duchess kept her honours, which descended to her son.

Miss Mollie Lascelles, who is to be Countess of Dalkeith, is a charming girl. In 1913 her father died, and her mother had died three years before, so she has been long an orphan. She was much with her grandfather, the late Sir Frank Lascelles, and her great-aunt, the late Lady Edward Cavendish, mother of the Duke of Devonshire, who died some months ago. Between them, the young people are related to many families whose names are known in the history of the country. Miss Mollie Lascelles will be one of the five bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Helen Cecil to Captain the Hon. Alexander Hardinge on Feb. 8. I believe that the date of her own wedding will not be long deferred.

The Duchess of Sutherland, being in the Sudan with the Duke, and having the Queen's permission to be absent until Easter, it is stated—although not officially—that the Duchess of Buccleuch will take her place as deputy Mistress of the Robes. The late Duchess of Buccleuch held that office for an unusually long period, and was one of the most dignified and stately holders of it also. Her Grace was a great

favourite with the Royal Family and in the Queen's Household—things which do not always go together. Her present Grace of Buccleuch, who is a sister of the Earl of Bradford, is not tall and stately, but is sweet-



AN EVENING DRESS AND CLOAK FROM PARIS.

The filmy softness of the tucked chiffon of the dress, with its embroidered flower scroll-work of floss silk, and an osprey tufted waistband garlanded with roses, is further enhanced by the deep-blue velvet of the cloak.—[Photograph by Talbot.]

looking and dignified, and is a great favourite with all who know her. She looks less like a grandmother than anything, but her little grand-daughter was christened quite recently.

A. E. L.

## OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

THE revival of Wagner at the Opéra has produced a controversy in the Press as to whether or not it is too soon to allow the works of the great German composer to be heard in the French capital. The public have shown their appreciation by filling the Opéra House night after night, and by according an almost frenzied reception to the "Valkyrie" at each successive performance. No concert programme is complete without at least one item of the great master's work, and a series of Wagnerian concerts given recently had to be repeated, so great was the demand for seats. It is absurd to pretend that a city as cultivated as Paris can continue to hold her place in the musical world without Wagner. Why should it be more unpatriotic to listen to the music of this great composer than to listen, for instance, to Beethoven or Schumann, both natives of the same country? Thanks to Wagner, the National Opera House, which has been through a bad financial crisis, is rapidly recovering, and the crowds that flock to hear the great German masterpieces are not only enjoying themselves, but helping to pay off a large debt as well.

Paris is always ready to listen to anyone who has anything of interest to say, whether in the world of art, literature, or music. Thus it comes about that a young Russian sculptor, Prince Troubetskoy, entirely self-taught, but with an amazing power of expression, has created something of a sensation by his exhibition of sculpture, chiefly in bronze and plaster. A head of Tolstoy, which he has managed to invest with something of the mysticism of the great thinker, is perhaps the most remarkable thing in the exhibition. It is difficult to believe that the same hands could have modelled the little dancer whose lithe form is the very incarnation of movement and grace, depicted in the act of springing into the air. There is some talk of acquiring some of Prince Troubetskoy's work for the French nation; if so, it will be the first time on record that an amateur has been so honoured. Prince Troubetskoy's style is decidedly original, and his bold conceptions are very striking; since he has so much talent, it seems a pity that he should not perfect his technique by a little study, which would remove all traces of amateurishness in his otherwise very fine work.

Clubland is a large and important realm, worthy of a book of reference all its own. The 1921 edition of "Clubs," edited by Mr. E. C. Austen-Leigh (1, New Street Square, E.C.4), gives particulars of 3850 such institutions. They include not only London clubs, but those in the provinces, Europe, Australasia, America, the West Indies, Asia, Africa, and Malaysia.

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**FEB. 3 and 4.**—ORDERS, DECORATIONS AND WAR MEDALS, collected by the late Colonel Knox, of Londonderry.

**\*FEB. 8.**—FINE PERSIAN and INDIAN MINIATURES, from the Collections of M. Léonce Rosenberg, of Paris, and L. M. Humphreys, Esq.; Persian Lacquer Book-Covers, the property of C. Fairfax Murray, Esq.



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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "A SAFETY MATCH," AT THE STRAND.

THE strength of "Ian Hay," as those will know who laughed over "Tilly of Bloomsbury," is his realistic humour, and though there is no such quaint character as the bailiff's man for Mr. Bouchier to impersonate in "A Safety Match," its studies of modern undisciplined youth provide refreshment enough to excuse the weaknesses inherent in almost any adaptation of a novel. The play proves a series of episodes in which at least three strands of interest are but loosely associated. First we meet a family of rowdy, incorrigible youngsters, who would be insufferable as housemates, but are most amusing to watch. Next, married into this family is your strong man of commerce, whose will-power does not extend to control of his wife. Finally, there is trouble with his collier employees and a serious mine accident. Now, here are three plays spatchcocked into one, and "Ian Hay" pulls first one string and then another according to whim. Needless to say, in the matter of construction, his drama is past praying for, but it has its thrills, and Miss Ena Grossmith, that promising young comedienne, is constantly delightful as the flapper who is leader in naughtiness of the family of *enfants terribles*. Mr. Bouchier plays the strong man rôle on familiar lines.

## TWO NOVELTIES AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

Comment is due at least to one of the two novelties just added to the programme of London's Grand

Guignol. This is "The Shortest Story of All," an "episode" written by Mr. G. E. Morrison, which lasts in performance but seven minutes, but throbs throughout its brief length with pathos and tenderness. It is just a picture of a father soothing the last moments of his dying girl-child, avoiding her questions about her divorced mother, starting to tell fairy-tales that are too long, and at last dramatising his own future loneliness as she sinks out of life. A beautiful little piece beautifully acted by Mr. S. Hawkins and Miss E. Arkell in the right vein of simplicity. Mr. Maltby's attempt at nerve-racking horror, "The Person Unknown," though Miss Sybil Thorndike and Mr. Lewis Casson do their best for its interpretation, somehow creates resentment rather than a thrill.

The Aeolian Company has just entered the field as a manufacturer of gramophone records, and is more than keeping up the standard of excellence launched by its "Vocalion." The list of records already on the market ranges over every field of music, and includes such interesting items as Rosing's rendering of the famous "Pagliacci" song; Miss Desfontaines' "Musetta's Song" from "La Bohème"; and Lenghi-Cellini's "Celeste Aida" among the vocal records. These are veritable masterpieces of clarity and beauty of tone, and the orchestral records are also remarkable. Mr. Felix Salmond's 'cello solos of Popper's Gavotte (No. 2), and Saint-Saëns' "Le Cygne" are worthy of special attention; and the Hungarian March from "La Damnation de Faust"

and the Intermezzo and Valse Lente from "Sylvia" given by the Aeolian Orchestra are exceptionally successful gramophone renderings of orchestral music.

To all members of the Roman Church, and those interested therein, "The Catholic Directory" (Burns and Oates) is a recognised source of information. It is published with the sanction of the Archbishops and Bishops of England and Wales; and, besides giving full details regarding this country, contains also facts about the Catholic Hierarchy in general, its establishments in the British Empire, and statistics of Catholic populations throughout the world.

Writers and those associated with them will welcome the 1921 edition of the "Literary Year Book," issued by its new proprietor and editor, Mr. Mark Meredith, from the Year Book Offices, 67, Dale Street, Liverpool. It runs to over six hundred pages, and is more useful than ever. The price remains at 8s. 6d. net. A unique feature is the establishment of a Literary Information Bureau.

In the new "Hazel Annual and Almanack" for 1921 (Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net), there is the customary wealth of useful information. Special articles explain the remarkable rise in local rates and the finances of the United Kingdom. The text of the League of Nations has been retained, and a short account of the position up to date is given. To the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force thirty-three pages are devoted, and tables show the post-war strength of the navies of Britain, the United States, and Japan.

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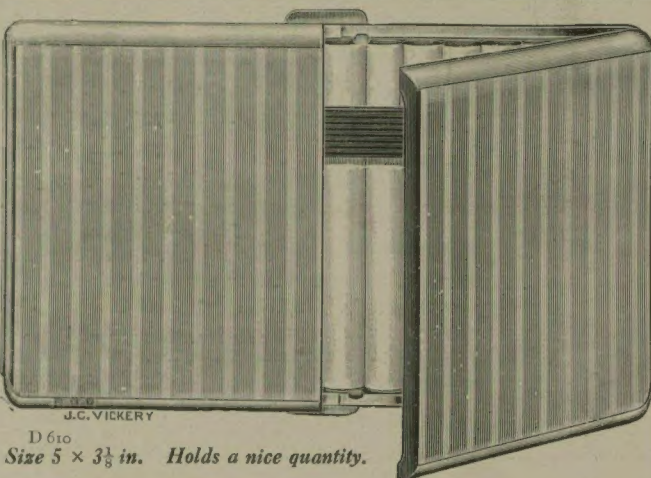
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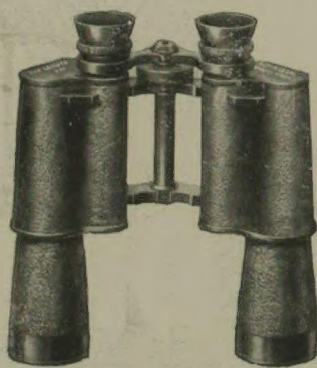


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That luxury of the thinking man. King's Head inspires; aids the mind to reflection; lends enchantment to every intellectual pursuit.

The individuality of King's Head lies in its curious cut, and in its matchless flavour—the flavour that smokers love. Full, but not too full.

## THREE NUNS

—for those who prefer a milder blend.

Both are sold everywhere—

PACKETS: 1-oz. 1/2; 2-oz. 2/4

TINS - 2-oz. 2/5; 4-oz. 4/8

### "Three Nuns" Cigarettes

	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium	6 <sup>d</sup>	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand Made	8 <sup>d</sup>	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 30, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.

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## ROWLAND'S ARTICLES

For the Hair, Complexion, and Teeth, are the PUREST and BEST.

They are the most beautifully perfumed, and are without exception the most perfect and delightful luxuries for the toilet table of everyone.



### ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

Preserves and beautifies the Hair, and prevents it falling off or turning grey. It is unsurpassed for Children's Hair, as it forms the basis of a Luxuriant Growth. Golden Macassar Oil for Fair or Grey Hair. Bottles, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

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Produces Soft, Fair, Delicate Skin, and removes all Cutaneous Eruptions, Redness, Roughness, &c., 2s. 6d. & 5s.

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Whitens the Teeth. Prevents and Arrests Decay, Sweetens the Breath. 2s. 9d. per box. Sold by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLAND'S, 112, Guilford Street, Gray's Inn Road, London.

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Keeps Contents

Cold 3 Days; Hot 24 Hours

ICY-HOT Vacuum Flasks afford cold or hot beverages and food at home or out of doors when preparation is inconvenient. Indispensable when motoring, travelling or on outings. Ideal for keeping water hot for making tea any time, any place.

With ordinary care ICY-HOTS will last a lifetime. Each ICY-HOT is

BUILT FOR LIFETIME SERVICE

A heavy coiled spring and pad protect the glass filler against breakage. Easily cleaned; absolutely sanitary.

ICY-HOT TEA BASKET shown at right contains complete luncheon equipment. Take one with you on your next outing.

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There is no Substitute

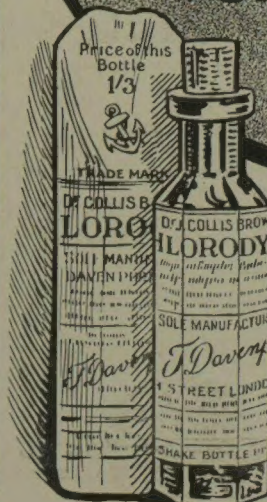
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The World-known Remedy for  
**COUGHS COLDS**

**ASTHMA BRONCHITIS**

Acts like a charm in  
**DIARRHOEA**  
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Always ask for  
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OF ALL CHEMISTS 1/3. 3/-



## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## A Rating Concession.

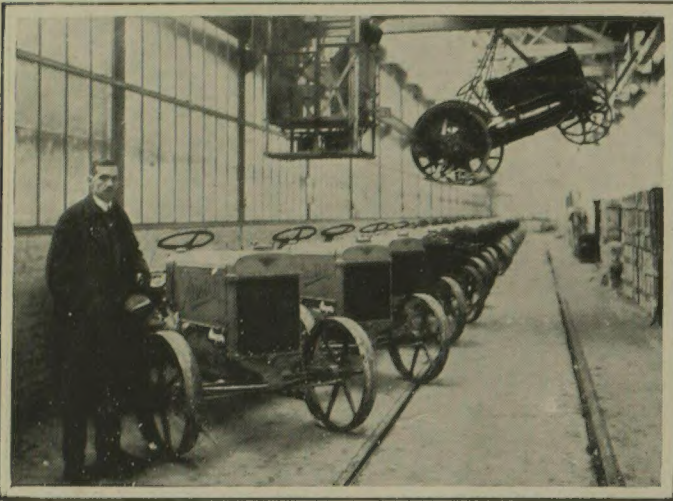
The R.A.C. has recently been in communication with the Ministry of Transport and the Treasury with regard to the calculation of horse-power for taxation purposes. Under the regulations as they now stand, a part of a unit of power counts as a whole unit; but the Club has received from the Ministry of Transport a letter stating that it has been decided that in the calculation of horse-power for motor-tax purposes, it is not necessary to carry such calculation beyond one place of decimals, and that it is proposed to provide accordingly in the forthcoming regulations. This is quite a useful concession, and will save many owners £1 a year on their tax. For example, if we take a very popular size of engine of the four-cylinder type having a bore of 90 mm., we

the factor 1613 the figure 1612.9, and by employing this we arrive at a taxable horse-power of 20.08, on which the tax is only £20. True, the difference is not much, but it is enough to cause the motorist to be a little more careful in the calculation of his horse-power than he might otherwise be.

## Private Bills to be Watched.

The motorist seems to be fair game for everybody nowadays, and, following the example of the Government, the Corporations of certain of the cities and boroughs of the country seem to be casting about for ways and means of getting money out of him, or subjecting him to more and more vexations and disabilities. I have just received from the R.A.C. a list of certain clauses extracted from private Bills now before Parliament to which the Club's legal department is raising opposition. They make very interesting reading. For instance, the Liverpool Corporation asks power to charge whatever it likes for water used for washing cars when a hose-pipe is employed. Also, it is sought to prohibit cars from being allowed to stand or remain in any street at night; to make it compulsory for the driver of a car to stop when passengers are alighting from or boarding a tram-car; and to obtain powers to make bye-laws prescribing the line to be kept by persons driving and the distances to be preserved between vehicles whilst traversing any crossing. Manchester only desires to usurp the functions of the Ministry of Transport and to be given power to make its own regulations as to speed-limits, etc. Hoyle and West Kirby District Council wants power to make it obligatory on drivers of motor-cars not to drive at a greater speed than five miles an hour while passing any church, chapel, or other place of worship during the hours of Divine Service on Sunday, Christmas Day, or Good Friday. If every district body had its way, this would indeed be a happy land in which to motor.

**A Citroen Reduction.** Every drop in car prices, if based on sound reasons, is a step in the right direction, and Gaston's, the concessionaires, are to be commended on their



READY FOR SHIPMENT TO INDIA: A LONG LINE OF AUSTIN TRACTORS. India is said to be capable of absorbing 10,000 of these machines annually.

find that, working out the Treasury horse-power by the formula  $\frac{D^2 \times N}{1613}$  which is the one usually employed, we get a horse-power of 20.1, the tax on which would be £21. This formula, however, is not exactly correct, and is employed to give an approximation which is near enough for practical purposes. If we want to be quite correct, however, we substitute for



AN OBJECT OF GREAT INTEREST TO THE NATIVES: A CROSSLEY W.O. TYPE TOURING CAR AT KADHIMAN, NEAR BAGHDAD.

latest achievement in reducing the Citroen by £100. The present increased purchasing power of sterling in France has had not a little to do with this cut, and the new price makes the Citroen more attractive than ever. It certainly places it outside price competition, since there is no other car of its standard offered at anything like the Citroen price of £395 for the four-seater. W. W.

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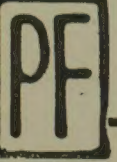
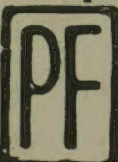
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GOODNESS  
SAKE  
EAT**

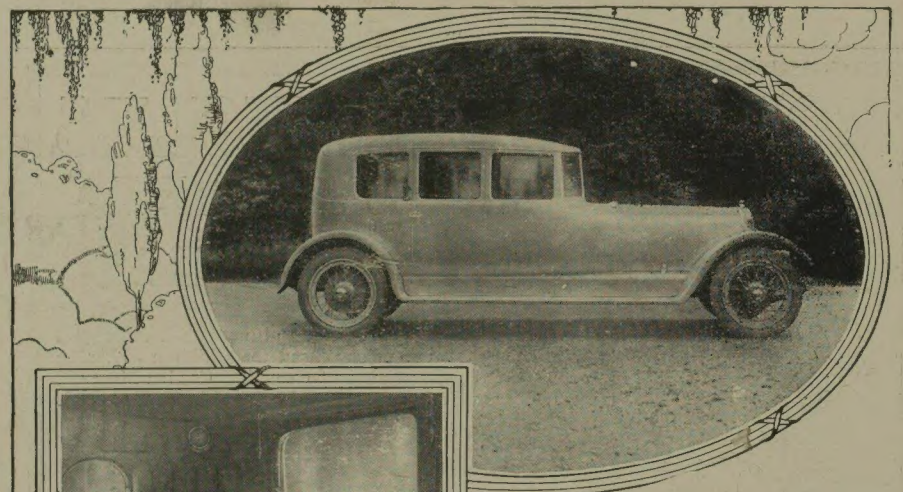
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## The Lanchester "Forty."

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